Skater Boy by bennysburgers83

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Summary:

Mike knows going home to Hawkins means he gets to see his family. He also knows he will more than likely run into her. She was apart of his life so many years ago and yet, Mikes never been able to get her off his mind. Hes always on the edge of control, but when it comes to her.....hes never in control.

1. He was a Skater Boi

Author's Note:

> First Fic ever. First actual story ever. So be gentle.....I realize It may not be good but I've had this story in my head for a while and i just want to get it out there. Thanks to all who may read it. Sorry for poor....Ya know...Everything haha. I'm learning as i go with this. Give me the feed backs and let me know what you think.
>
> Also, If you wanna follow me on IG im bennysburgers83 there as well. Just a heads up, its basically a semi-update page for ST and a "I love them all" page for the cast and all THINGS MILEVEN.

Mike woke with what he could only describe as a shark gnawing on his ankle. He opened one eye to stare at the plaster walls next to the bed he was occupying at the moment. He had to give it to Tony, this visitor bed room he was in was WAY nicer than the one he had at his house. That's to say, the visitor room at his house housed all his extra boards and sponsor gear. After he moved to Seattle his mom had used his room as a kind of holding area for all of mikes trophy's and first edition boards. She called the "Mike Shrine room" while holly called it a fire hazard.

Mike went to move his ankles in hopes of cracking them, only to remember that he had mildly sprained one and couldn't really feel the other. Sprained ankles to a skater were like papercuts to a logger. Didn't really matter. Mike groaned in pain and slowly sat up, feeling the heat from the bedroom window on his back and gave him a sense of calm.

The last couple of days, his anxiety level had been growing with the thought of the coming travel. It never got easier going home, but once he made it there, he was fine. All he needed was his hug from his mom, the type of hug with so many unsaid words and sincere apologies and love, that you could inject into Mikes veins and he'd tell you that you'd live forever. Karen had been the one to push Mike

to follow his dreams, the type of mom you hear about on the news as their kid becomes the nation's greatest graffiti artist or something.

She'd bought Mike his first board and even drove him to the skate park out of town a couple of times. Since the streets of Hawkins where never that great, cheese grater road work would be a better description if you asked Mike. He honed his skills in his parent's basement, much to Ted's dismay and disappointment. Ted had this idea of what he wanted from Mike From Kick flips to 360 Flips to Laser Flips, Mike learned them all in the comfort of his basement floor. When he took them to the streets, it seemed like Mike had been doing it all his life. His willingness to learn and his love and knowledge of science (Something he was still teased about to the day. Most skaters hadn't been accepted into Cal Tech, hell….any College for that matter). Mike loved skating. The freedom he felt, how lost he got in the mindset of skating. He would tell people that when he was really happy, truly happy, he always found himself on his board.

Riding to Mike was like breathing. He'd grab his board and head out into the sea that was down town Seattle. He surfed the streets and found solace in its concrete waves. He'd made a living off of tricks, but he only needed his board and the fresh air to really be wealthy.

"Mike if you don't get your ass up and get down here I'm feeding these pancakes to the dog…..don't make me do this man"

Mike smiled and sighed as he slid out of the bed and onto his tender ankle. Beet red and looking like stretched twizzler, his ankles had defiantly seen better days. You would think that being 6'3 would have its advantages in skating but you'd be dead wrong. Being 5'8 has its advantages, being 6'3 is like being a walking stick who decided to ride around on another stick that never learned to walk in the first place. He's lost count how many times he's bailed on a trick he had done a thousand times before, only to have his foot get caught in the fence next to the rail. Those falls usually end his night of skating, much to the chagrin of his photogs and camera guy.

Mike went Pro at 18 and never looked back, that also included never going back to Hawkins. He didn't mean to stay away for so long but his career was taking off and he was finally doing what he had always dreamed of, getting paid to skate every day. That was always

the dream and he was finally. FINALLY. Living it.

“Hey Tony, you wouldn’t happen to know where my shoes went would you?”

“You check by the pool?’

“Wait…..Which pool?”

Tony gave a Mike a smile

“You know I sometimes forget I do have two of them”

Mike rubbed his face as remnants of the past nights events slowly made their way back into his cobwebbed brain.

“You know you would think that bailing on a Tre flip down a 15 about 20 times would keep me from coming back here and skating”

“Love what you do and you’ll never have to work a day in your life” Tony laughed into his coffee as he joined Mike at the window.

“Did you, Did you just quote an inspirational wall poster? Who are you Dr. Phil?” Mike chuckled as he pulled the sliding door open and relished in the soft Cali mountain air.

Mike loved California and he loved Seattle but nothing ever beat being back home in his old house. He didn’t go back home for the skating. No, Mike went home for family and friends. See Hawkins was a small place with small town values and Mike’s career and fame didn’t mean anything to that old town. When Mike went back home, he was just Mike Wheeler again. Not “Mike Wheeler, 4 time X Game Skateboarding street gold medalist” or “Mike Wheeler; Skating’s great hope”. He was just “Karen Wheelers son who lives out of state and needs a haircut”

“Excited to see your mom?” Tony asked as he followed Mike to the one pool currently dry as a bone.

“Oh yeah, been a long while since I saw her, holly too. Don’t think my older sister will make it but Nancy will somehow be there in spirit”

“You sure you don’t need any security at the airport? I know how bad your little fan club are these days.” Mike laughed at the question because Tony always made fun of the group he called his “Fan Club”. They were just really big fans of Mike and some had taken to making fan pages on Instagram of him and some even updated daily on where he was and what he had done that day.

“Look just because you didn’t have the internet when you were coming up doesn’t mean you get to talk about Mona, Cara, MP, Eb, Laura or Graci like that man, they are nice people and actually really cool” Tony held up his hands as if to say “Whatever you say man”. Mike grabbed his shoes and headed back to grab his clothes and his bag from his room. Mike knew what the coming time at home would bring and he was ready for it. He’d been thinking about this day for the last year. Of course he wanted to see his mom and hug his sister. Those were givens, but what mike knew he wasn’t ready for. What he deeply wished he could avoid but didn’t want to at the same time. He knew it was coming, seeing her and having to relive everything through her eyes. Those eyes. The kind of eyes that tell you everything you need to know and tell you how much you are loved. Big brown eyes that seem to go on and on like the midnight wind. Mike took a deep breath, steading himself against memories he relived everyday. Would she be happy to see him? Hell would she even still be around? Mike knew the only way he would get the answers he needed. Mike chuckled “ You gotta see El you dumbass”

2. KICK PUSH

Summary for the Chapter:

> Sorry this took so long to get out, Hope you guys like it! This one is for my baby Mona on insta and twitter! I love you!

"Mike if we don't finish this homework, Mr. Clark is gonna murder us" El eyed the black haired boy standing in the middle of the basement. She admired his features from her spot at the table and suddenly realizing she was staring, but she could stare at her boyfriend right? She'd made it her mission to glance at him lately, to memorize certain features on him from day to day. To see the subtle changes of a boy turning into a man, puberty hitting Mike like a sack of potatoes that fell off a tractor trailer.

He had grown a couple more inches since summer had ended and hair was starting to sprout along his upper lip, something that made El laugh whenever he nuzzled her neck. He had to wash more often than he would have liked and having jet black curly hair and being an active teenager but not the regular active teen that most kids in Hawkins were these days. Mike skated for 2 hours every day after school and even more on the weekends, getting in his time before he stopped to work on homework. Karen allowed him to skate after school, but afterward Mike had to get his homework done and keep his grades up or Karen was coming for the board. This gave Mike a reason to get his work done, skating was becoming his life and he was starting to get noticed.

Too bad the only person noticing it was Hop or Jim Hopper, El's father, who also happened to be the police chief of Hawkins. Hop had taken a liking to El's new boyfriend and even come to think that the boy might even become a permanent fixture in his home. From

what El had told Hop about Mike, He had been raised in a home where the parents were present but only one cared it seemed. El had told Hop that Mike's closet thing to a father figure for a while had been the science teacher at school, Mr. Clark. Seemed that Mike was willing to look up to any male that he deemed worthy of his time or any male that gave him time. Mike hadn't been around him enough for Hop to get a good feel for Mike yet; all he knew was that El liked the boy, a lot. This was either going to work out very well and Hop wouldn't have to worry about anything, or it was going to give him more gray hairs than he already had.

This is why they found themselves in Mike's basement and not in El's room at her house. Hop had tried to have a talk with mike about his actions around town (Hop was making it seem like he was mugging people or spray painting the walls of Bradley's big buy) and it had not gone over well. Mike knew his limits with Hop, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to do his best to push that limit to the max. They'd left the Hopper residence, only after El had a long talk with her dad while Mike hung out on the porch, just swinging on the porch swing, looking like a lost little boy.

He knew Hop was just looking after his wellbeing and Els wellbeing, it was just, Mike loved skating. Mike had finally found something that made him feel like he belonged and that he really felt he was good at and now people had a problem with it? All Mike could think about his future and what he wanted out of it. He wanted to skate; he wanted to do what he knew he was good at. I mean come on, he went to school every day, he listened to his teachers, and he turned in all his assignments. What else did the adults in this town want him to do? He couldn't be any more different from the average skater in any other town in the country. This was Mikes current thought as he stood on his board in the middle of his basement, staring blankly back at El.

"Yeah I know El…I just…..I don't really want to do it right now. Hearts not in it."

El turned in her seat to face Mike, skirt flowing around her ankles as she pulled her legs under her and leaned on her hand to stare at Mike.

“This wouldn’t have anything to do with Hop would it?”

Mike stared down at his board and shrugged his shoulders “Maybe Hop has a point El, maybe I should just grow up and worry about school and not……not this” Mike made a sweeping motion below him as his feet moved nervously around his board. Mike made a movement to his hair, sweeping back the curls around his forehead, yep thought El, He’s defiantly frustrated.

“Mike, What do you think about when you first wake up in the morning, what’s the first thing on your mind?” Mike looked up at El, dark eyes boring themselves deep into her, like a drill bit through soft wood, El’s breath hitched a little. His looks these days had that effect on her, actually, everything Mike did these days had that effect on her.

“You mean besides you?” He chuckled and gave her a slight smile, but realized El’s face hadn’t changed from when she had asked the question. Her eyebrow was quirked up and head turned slightly, giving her that look that Mike knew to be El’s “Death Stare” as Dustin put it. This was usually brought out only when someone pissed her off or she was extremely angry. Mike was pretty sure he was getting the face now, not because she was angry, but she really wanted him to answer the question.

“I think about you, seriously……Then I think about skating. Some days it’s the other way around but it’s always those two things… Always on my mind”

“As much as I’m flattered by that, if you think about skating when you wake up and then all day long and then before you go to bed, I’m pretty sure that’s what you’re supposed to be doing.” El moved her legs out from underneath her, stretching then standing, making her way to his side. She slide her hand into his, fingers fitting like puzzle pieces. She could feel his heart beat through his fingers, his hand slowly molding itself around hers, a perfect fit. They stood like this for a while, just being close. Nothing could ruin this for them.

“MIKE do you think you could run up here real quick for a second?”

Mike let out a sigh and kissed the top of El’s head. “Yeah mom I’ll be

right up”

“I honestly think she has these psychic abilities that tell her I’m having a nice time with you and she needs to get in the middle of it” Mike said into El’s hair, the smell of her coconut shampoo overtaking his senses.

“She loves me, you know it, Holly knows it, Nancy knows it. Deal with it Mike, they like me” Mike just shook his head and headed up the stairs, mumbling to himself about his family and his girlfriend.

‘Yeah Mom what’s up”

“Hop called, seemed he didn’t really know where El was and wanted to know if she was here. I told him I would check and see if you guys where here and call him back.”

Karen stopped washing the dishes long enough to turn and look at her son. He was now a good foot taller than she was but despite the height, she still saw her little boy in the man in front of her.

“So before I call him back and tell him she’s here, explain to me why Hop wouldn’t know where she is?”

Mike sat down at the island in the kitchen and put his head in his hands. He was really hoping to get through this day without talking to his mom and El or Hop but, didn’t seem like that was an option now.

“Me and Hop got into again, only this time he go El involved with it and…….and……I can see his point, I think.”

“Was this about skating around town again? Or was this something completely different?” Mike looked up and stared at the back of his mother’s head.

“How did…..How did you know……”

“I’m your mother Mike, I know way more than you think I do.” Mike gulped a little and smiled back at his mom. “No…No this one wasn’t about that. This was about me and El. About how my actions reflect back on her and Hop doesn’t want that trouble on El” Karen looked

at Mike and then glanced at the basement door.

“Hop thinks your skating around this town is going to bring trouble on El. He’s the police chief for god sake; all he has to do is tell the people around town that you aren’t a nuisance! I’m going to give him a piece of my mind when I call him.”

“NO MOM DON’T DO THAT. That’s all I need, Hey Mike thanks for getting your mom on me, real mature kid…..I can handle it mom. I’ll just talk to him and we will work it out. I got it.”

“Michael……Ok. If you think you can talk to him and make him see that you aren’t what these people of this town make you out to be, then I won’t get in the middle of it. Now go tell El Hop is coming to get her.” Mike made his way to the sink and hugged his mom. “Thanks Mom”

Mike sat on his front steps next to El, holding her hand like it was a leash that could keep him tethered to the present. Crunching leaves and the sound of 80s music announced arrival of Hop in his police cruiser. Mike breathed out and slapped Els knee, motioning for her to take his hand as to help her up. They made their way over to the cruiser, Mike opening the door for El and helping her inside. He closed the door and watched as Hop rolled the passenger side window down. This brought Hops glasses into better view to Mike. Those damn Top Gun Tom Cruise Avator shades.

“You know Top Gun was in the 80s, right Hop?”

To Mikes dismay, Hop only turned to look at Mike and grunted, obviously not in the mood to talk to Mike, which he had expected.

“Alright, Well El Ill see you tomorrow at school an……” Mike was cut off by Els lips on his and all Mike could do was stare past Els hair, directly into the mirror shades on Hops face. The kiss ended and El sat back into her seat and smiled at Mike and winked. Mike winked back and looked to Hop.

“Hop” Mike said with a nod.

“Wheeler”

“WHEELER……MR WHEELER”

Mike started and looked to his left, the flight attendant lightly shaking his shoulder.

“We are about to deplane Mr. Wheeler, you may want to go ahead and grab your things from the overhead.” She smiled and moved farther down the cabin, speaking to other people. Mike didn’t know how long he had zoned out for, but he sure was glad to have missed the landing. Landings were the worst part of flying to Mike, not the takeoff or the in-between but the landing. Mike sighed and slowly sat up in his seat, grabbing his bag in front of him and standing to grab his board and all his extra boards he didn’t want to leave in his carry on. Mike was just strapping boards back onto his backpack when he felt the tap on his shoulder. Mike turned and saw a teen, may 16 or 17 standing slightly to his left, seems the kid had been behind him the whole time.

“You wouldn’t….You wouldn’t happen to be Mike Wheeler would you? I heard her say your name and your shirt….”

Mike looked down and realized he had put on his King Frog Face shirt. Birdhouse had this way of making boards and T-shirts for their riders that were totally unique to the company and to skateboarding. Mikes nickname in high school had been frog face (Not one Mike had liked at all but when it came time to do his pro board and attire, he thought it would be hilarious.) and that’s what was currently staring the teen in front of Mike directly in the face, along with a full skeleton of a frog wearing a crown. Mike smiled at the kid and stuck his hand out

“Mike, nice to meet you” the kid shook Mikes hand with a little too much bravado

“Josh, Nice….Nice to meet you Wheeler, Ive been a big fan of yours

ever since the beginning, like legit since the X-games in Indy. That shit was amazing and only your FIRST X GAMES? I mean holy shit, I can't believe this is actually happening." Josh had said this all in about one breath all while smiling and fidgeting with his iPhone.

"You want a pic? I'm cool if you're cool?" Mike liked to sometimes ask his fans before they did, just to see the wide smile they always got.

"That would awesome Mike, thank you so much" Mike put one arm around the teens shoulders and faced the phone as the teen went into selfie mood. Mike did his usual peace sign and smile, noticing that Josh may have been shaking under Mikes arm. This kid was really star struck….and by a skater no less. Man, Mike thought, I really do have one of the best jobs in the world. Mike had a thought, "Hey Josh you want a board? I brought five and I'm pretty dang sure I'm not gonna need all of them while I'm here." The smile that came across the teens face was priceless. "You sure, I mean I would love one but I don't want to take one of those……You never know you might need one"

"Nah man go ahead, there are 5 there so just pick one of the 5 and, what the hell, ill autograph it too if you'd like, think of it all as a thanks for being cool during the flight" Josh's face lit up like tree on Christmas.

"Thanks so much…..Ummmmmm I think I'll take this one" Josh had skimmed through all the boards and when he arrived at the back, he found the one Mike was sure he had been looking for the whole time.

"Could of bet money you would have picked that one, seems it's the one everybody goes after"

"Oh yeah, who wouldn't want a Mike Wheeler "Eleanor" board, these things are so damn sweet."

Mike smiled at Josh and took the board and grabbed a marker he kept in his bag just for this occasion, signed his name and shook Josh's hand again and turned back to his bags.

It's always the Eleanor boards they go after, every single time, Mike

thought.

If they only knew, Mike said to himself, If they only knew.